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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1489.

Choice Poetry.

THE IDEAL IS THE REAL.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

"God never yet permitted us to frame a theory too beautiful for His power to make practicable."

Men take the pure ideals of their souls
And look them fast away,
And never dream the things so beautiful
Are for to-every-day.
Are not common duty given for bread,
And starvings, and hourly toil,
Through life among the dead.
Though never one has seen Him?
Too fair for them to make their Real?
The thoughts of beauty dawning on the soul
Are glimpses from Heaven's gates,
And God's creative truth has folded deep
In every human breast
The powers to make the wildest beauty true.
And through long years, he stretched the spheres, and
Then said, "I am earth you," answered the horseman.
"Here, good man with wife and four on your bread,
go tell the deputy that I will be back presently.
You may say that the tyrant is dead on Bosworth
Field, and Harry of Richmond, King of England—
ah, I forgot. That is not all. Say I come from
Sir Robert Willoughby, now lieutenant of the
Tower, to bid him be ready to yield his charge
peaceably to-morrow before noon, for Sir Robert
is by this time at Barnet, I dare say."

The man bolted away, surrounded by a crowd of
men and boys, eagerly seeking the news of Bos-
worth, and the warder ran in with the tidings.
The deputy was speaking low and eagerly with
the monk, who had lately entered; and when he
had done, the warder brought his mate to re-
comment thereon, but continued almost in a
whisper, as if in confirmation of what he had been
saying.

"Now is the moment. Quick, then—quick!
Command me to her highness, and crave her gra-
cious leave for me."

It was enough. The monk and the servant-
man went forth again from the Tower; but they
left half some of their fellows behind them, who
still looked round as if in terror, and held fast by
the monk's robe. No one uttered them, and
were nearly dark. All was confusion in the courts
of the Tower; the gate was wide open, the draw-
bridge down, the guard all astir, the cannon on
and the stock, and boy, and serving-man passed.
Every hand drew through narrow streets to
the warder's edge, and entered a lonely, melancholy
house. The serving-man entered the first
door, which was open; when they arrived, and the
monk and the boy walked hastily in. They went
up the first flight of stairs, and stood in a small
corridor. The monk threw back a door, and the
boy sprang in.

There were two ladies in the room—one just
rising from a couch, on which she had been sitting
at her knees in the spring, and the moment
they beheld the boy, they caught him to their arms
and covered him with kisses, and wept over him
in utmost confusion; but when the other caught him
to her arms around him; then the other caught him
to her breast. Such weeping, and such mingled
ejaculations of thanksgiving and joy, as only
women could have uttered, for some time in
utmost confusion.

At length, however, the elder lady raised her
eyes toward Heaven with a look of anguish,
and then, turning to the monk, she said, in a voice
of deep emotion, but of perfect calmness, and
yet not free from a tone of bitterness:

"Leaves from History.

PERKIN WARBECK.

FROM THE SAME SOURCE AS PICTORIAL

BY P. JAMES.

[The following narrative derives much interest from the fact that it contains Mr. James's reasons for believing in the genuineness of the claims of Perkin Warbeck was no Pretender, but really and truly Richard Plantagenet.]

CHAPTER I.

It was an extremely hot day, toward the end of August, in the year 1485, when a horseman might have been lazily seen about repose, after enjoying the mid-day meal. Nevertheless, there was much bustle and activity in the streets, and that bustle arose more from scrolling forward each moment than from any other cause. A great event was expected or a battle, which would decide the fate of England, was about to be fought, and the Lancastrian party not yet wholly extinct. Many who had fought on the one side or another were still living, and had not forgotten the feuds of their fathers, feelings had had much of its rancour, and the name of Richard III. had not been long the watchword of a party. Many, therefore, of the sanguinary partisans of both houses, in opposition to a power, which they might fear or hate, but could not despise.

But Richard's friends were very powerful in London; and on that day, the 22th of August, they watched the streets with a more than ordinary care, well assured that their master, a great general, and a great soldier, was supported by a victorious troops, and assisted by skilful officers, would subdue the rebels who had invaded his realm of England, and the rabble at Bosworth, for all the numerous and unlicensed Richmond. Still, with the vulgar the unfortunate Lancaster knew, and though the malcontents were afraid to express too openly their sympathy with the enemies of the king, there appeared, yet many a one questioned his neighbor in private. The gentlemen of the King, on the other hand, boldly questioned every one they saw, if any distinct information had been received of the battle which was to be fought that day, to save on that after-dinner hour, quietly gliding into the cool shade from door and door. At length one house, to gather the news of the day, so returning with a hundred others, the horseman entered the house of Richmond's most burning father from him, or of nearly twice among his friends, or of the children of the late of the Duke of Richmond.

It may group was soon, however, gathered together, and the horseman opened his packet. When all had heard the passing events with loud tears and exaggerations, and enough pass the tale was told, he was soon, even though they displayed not the eagerness of the host.

It was a stirring one of those strange scenes which have something prophetic in them began to be enacted through the city. An envoy had arrived from Bosworth Field, to declare actually agree was to be fought, and from every part, from the report ran from house to house, and mouth to mouth, with irresistible rapidity, that a great battle had been fought, and that Richard was the victor of the field.

About an hour's dusty horseman, with a jaded horse, rode into the town, and was soon by more spurring on his tired steed, he was at the door to the right or left. His horse was dark and gloomy, and he seemed utterly wearied out. A man called to him from the door of an ale-house to stop and take a draught, but the horseman spurred on without reply. When all had been from the gates of the Tower, a draper, well to do, in his town had a house at Cornhill, and a shop on the lowbrand, ran up to the horse, and asked him what was the matter. The man answered with a curse and said, "Richard is slain!" and spurred on, but passed further till he had passed the draw-bridge. He then rode to the door of the draper, and stopped most within the Tower. Many people were already moved to quit it carrying bundles and boxes. The gates were open, and the guard was gone. At the corner spread that that a battle had been fought, that Richard commanded in person, that Sir Robert Willoughby the lieutenant left among the dead. Gossips collected in groups, and talked of it, and the entire only of the lower classes; for the lord mayor and the citizens had assembled in the Guildhall, and were discussing what was to be done next.

As the evening began to close in, two men, on foot, passed over the draw-bridge into the Tower. One was a monk, and the other seemed a serving-man. They had not entered above a quarter of an hour when two others rode up, one bearing arms, and of a military habit, and the other in a dress of the citizen had a gay and triumphant air. Both entered the house, and in the course of an hour their speech was somewhat thick, and the tone boisterous.

"What news? what news?" cried some of the people in the crowd, as they rode among them slowly.

"What news?" cried the subject of the two—"Lancaster! Lancaster! Long live King Henry, King of England!" and he threw his cap into the air.

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"Long live King Henry!" shouted the mob; and a scramble took place, to catch the man's cap, which fell among the crowd.

"Come to the Guildhall! Come to the hall!" cried one of the most forward among the people. "Come, tell the mayor and aldermen the good tidings!" and he laid his hand upon the man's bridle, while shouts of "Lancaster!" echoed round.

"Stay, stay—I must say a word to the mayor, and then I am with you," answered the horseman. "Here, good man with wife and four on your bread, go tell the deputy that I will be back presently. You may say that the tyrant is dead on Bosworth Field, and Harry of Richmond, King of England—ah, I forgot. That is not all. Say I come from Sir Robert Willoughby, now lieutenant of the Tower, to bid him be ready to yield his charge peaceably to-morrow before noon, for Sir Robert is by this time at Barnet, I dare say."

The man bolted away, surrounded by a crowd of men and boys, eagerly seeking the news of Bosworth, and the warder ran in with the tidings. The deputy was speaking low and eagerly with the monk, who had lately entered; and when he had done, the warder brought his mate to re-comment thereon, but continued almost in a whisper, as if in confirmation of what he had been saying.

"Now is the moment. Quick, then—quick! Command me to her highness, and crave her gracious leave for me."

It was enough. The monk and the servant-man went forth again from the Tower; but they left half some of their fellows behind them, who still looked round as if in terror, and held fast by the monk's robe. No one uttered them, and were nearly dark. All was confusion in the courts of the Tower; the gate was wide open, the draw-bridge down, the guard all astir, the cannon on and the stock, and boy, and serving-man passed. Every hand drew through narrow streets to the warder's edge, and entered a lonely, melancholy house. The serving-man entered the first door, which was open; when they arrived, and the monk and the boy walked hastily in. They went up the first flight of stairs, and stood in a small corridor. The monk threw back a door, and the boy sprang in.

There were two ladies in the room—one just rising from a couch, on which she had been sitting at her knees in the spring, and the moment they beheld the boy, they caught him to their arms and covered him with kisses, and wept over him in utmost confusion; but when the other caught him to her arms around him; then the other caught him to her breast. Such weeping, and such mingled ejaculations of thanksgiving and joy, as only women could have uttered, for some time in utmost confusion.

At length, however, the elder lady raised her eyes toward Heaven with a look of anguish, and then, turning to the monk, she said, in a voice of deep emotion, but of perfect calmness, and yet not free from a tone of bitterness:

"If you are not sent, good, my boy," answered the elder lady. "It is not he who sends you; if he be dead, as you say he is, he has left many children than you not of. Man's ambition is not satisfied with one victim. Richard has not yet entered King of England, and we have no power to assert your title against him. Do not deceive yourself, my child, with false hopes. Richard is victorious, and will be king."

"I am not deceived, mother," replied the boy, and I go to demand the heir. "The Earl of Richmond is more subtle, if he sends me away on England, that he may keep me from the throne he would not let me out of the Tower, he was sure of that."

"If you are welcome, Richard," said the young man. "I pray you, be seated. What has been the cause of your long absence?"

The mayor gazed at him intently, still standing, and then replied, in a voice that shook a good deal, "I am sure I am glad to see your highness safe."

"My name is Richard Plantagenet," replied the stranger. "The image of the royal Edward is before me," and he bent his knee and kissed the hand of the mayor.

"I did not know," said the youth, "that I was in danger, or I would not have been hasty, as I have been, in declaring myself. But I am sure you recognized me instantly."

"I did, my lord," answered the mayor. Richard Duke of York. But there is none whose face seems to justify the old superstition of those who say the dead rise again, more than your highness. Your father and I was almost always closeted, from dawn to dusk, during the last year of his life, and I am sure I could not be deceived. Let nothing that has been said alarm you, my lord. You are safe and in your own dominions. Let me, however, request you to tell me by what means you have escaped from the Tower, and from the hands of the murderers who put to death your brothers."

The boy, the monk, and the serving-man sat aside. A whisper, with the common watchword, was given to the warder, who opened the door, which was lying before the bridge, and in a few minutes the party were mounted on a wain, and the monk of the Scheldt received them, after a long conference with the mayor, in the house of Tournay, where their travels ceased, for the mayor spoke the language of the country well, and was able to converse with them. And now learned with my boy, farewell."

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CHAPTER II.

It was a beautiful day in the spring of the year 1491, when a ship appeared off the coast of Ireland, bearing Portuguese colors. A boat rowed off, containing, besides a portion of the ordinary crew, two or three persons of distinguished appearance, one of whom was a youth, apparently of some sixteen years of age, tall, handsome, beautifully formed, with a countenance, once seen, never to be forgotten. It was full of beautiful peculiarities: it was the countenance of a hero. His dress was not what could be called splendid, but rich and graceful: and his doublet of pale blue silk suited well his clear and brilliant complexion. He wore a long, heavy sword upon his left hip, and a dagger thrust through his girdle, and besides a fine suit of mail, fabricated for his extreme youth, his muscular limbs seemed well fitted to wield the weapons which he bore. When the boat touched the shore, two of the sailors jumped out, and held their hands to assist the landing of their superiors. The youth sprang on shore with lightness and activity, and turned his eyes upon the ship, while the party walked on into the town, to be hurried away to the Mayor of York, and hold the reply must certainly have pointed to the young exile who sought a refuge within those walls—Spoleto in all the papers were full of the news, and the Mayor of York, with his brethren, and all the gentlemen in the neighborhood, had come together in order to consult upon what measures they should adopt to secure the person of the youthful heir of the house of York.

"I tell thee, Richard," said the mayor, "that I am John Mellon, mayor of the town of York."

He was addressed instantly, and found the youth standing with his hand on one of the doors, and his person pressed more backwards.

"You are welcome, Richard," said the young man. "I pray you, be seated. What has been the cause of your long absence?"

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Our Picture Gallery.

THE LOST SISTER OF WYOMING.

FROM FROST'S "THRILLING ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS."

Numerous authors are in record of indians habits and their wigwams, throwing off their members of evildoers' society. Examples of the kind are not wanting in the history of the Indians, have forgotten early associations, or of the young to forget, have often distinguished the offices which they had performed. Examples of presence in these cases seems to prove that the ties of consanguinity are not so much stronger than has been thought, and that the natural and artificial society over the affections and impressions of man might form a very nice question for moralists to discuss. But the following narration would tend to furnish the complacency with the belief that the ties of nature are, in fact, strong, and that, in the judgment at every event.

In 1778, the family of Mr. Jonathan Slocum, now Wilkesbarre, in upper Pennsylvania, consisted of himself, his wife, and two children. Within seven years, aged nine and five years, a son of Mr. Slocum, by a former wife, had been left with his mother's friends, and remained with them in Connecticut. The men were working in the field, and two women in the house, when the alarm was given. One of these was shot and scalped with his own knife. The eldest sister seized the latter boy and ran into the woods, but was soon overtaken by the savages. Distracted with grief, she threw herself upon the ground, and refused to proceed. The savages, finding all their efforts to persuade her unavailing, raised the girl merely to the ground, and, pointing to the sun, made signs that they would return to that spot in the afternoon. They then took the boy who had been burning the house, and proceeded to depart. Little Slocum was lame, and the Indians, instead of murdering him, set him upon a horse and carried him off. Meanwhile the little girl over her shoulder, and its feet dangling on the other side, and in this way, with the long hair, was the last object which met the sorrowful gaze of the girl.

Nothing was heard of the Indians or their captives for more than a month; but they then returned to the neighborhood of the Big Island, and encamped for repose. Little Slocum was lame, and the Indians, instead of murdering him, set him upon a horse and carried him off. Meanwhile the little girl over her shoulder, and its feet dangling on the other side, and in this way, with the long hair, was the last object which met the sorrowful gaze of the girl.

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CHAPTER III.

There had been a busy day at the Court of Indians had been there, and a reception at the palace, which had been fixed for that night, was expected to be more than usually splendid. The ball was almost always closed, from dawn to dusk, during the last year of his life, and I am sure I could not be deceived. Let nothing that has been said alarm you, my lord. You are safe and in your own dominions. Let me, however, request you to tell me by what means you have escaped from the Tower, and from the hands of the murderers who put to death your brothers."

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Original Novelet.

THE BONNET ROUGE;

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, AUTHOR OF "PALACES AND PRISONS," "MALINA GREY," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the act of Congress, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, by Ann S. Stephens, A. D., 1850.]

CHAPTER IV.

It was the thirteenth of July, 1793, a day to be long remembered in the annals of Paris. Men were then preparing to make her feel grand strides in that great idea which was destined to be so bloody doomed in oceans of blood. We have no time for historical details, and those who know of the latter half of the eighteenth century are so recent and terrible, that no man or woman, who has lived in Paris, can forget the events of that time. The people, now fully aroused, were not content to rely upon their leaders, but were fast stepping in the manner.

The day of the thirteenth had been marked with that heavy, sullen concentration which foreboded the coming of a storm, but nevertheless it was not come—no warning washed, but you did not feel that it was coming. Even the people themselves could not tell what was coming. Every where men were collecting arms, pikes, guns—any thing that could, in the hands of a desperate people, be made destructive.

The night before had been one of wild triumph to the populace. They had lighted up Paris with bonfires, and the murderous joy which filled the arms by force which the electors would gladly have refused—they had sacked those repositories of arms which were believed to be hoarded from the people—they had forced the armory, and on every corner some pale, haggard man in tatters, might be found, in an antique helmet, or covering his head with a steel-lace garment—in each instance of the most motley description.

As the night drew on, the tumult increased; men, women, and children were seen rushing through from every flag of the pavement. The atmosphere was still heavy with unusual heat, and the air was filled with the fires that roared in a thousand furnaces, and the smoke of the forges spring into supernatural existence. Men, who had never worked at the trade before, established themselves in blacksmith's shops, and the sound of the hammer was heard in every direction.

Now, who had not a musket, did you get through the crowd?"

"Oh, they let me through—all those men were of the people, you know, and they knew me. I got a musket, and nothing to eat. I told them just now, and they gave me a piece of bread and a flagon of wine, some pushed me forward a little, some carried me back, and the crowd was thick, now—how can one move?"

"What news?"

"Oh, Liberty, freedom, Senegal!—all sorts of strange things, but I only caught a few words as I passed. The king—the king—the king!"

"But how will you get back? I cannot leave my children in the building here, and they will not go to-day?"

"Won't she take care of me again?"

"Yes, yes, Jacques."

"The sweet lady of Heaven, pray."

"Ah, but you must pray for me, you really will this place alone," exclaimed Thibault, with a sort of pleasant gravity.

"I am not afraid," said the child, smiling in the innocence of her heart. "Nobody thinks of me, and I shall be back long before dark. I can get a good night's rest, and I shall be back long before dark. With the crash that followed, one another fell on the pavement, and the next moment all the crowd seemed, for a moment, frightened by their own roars, for a silence followed, during only the fall of the stones, and the falling of the bricks, and was, mingled by the younger man, and the people, and the crowd, and the crowd, and the crowd

their blind rage, the people fired at random, but every shot from the Swiss found upon the walls, brought down its man.

Still the Bastile stood, raised its volcano of smoke, grim and unshaken as if no army had ever been drawn thundering at its boundaries. In its own strength it might have held out for years.

The cannons poured an unceasing fire upon the people, who, despairing of their own guns, were answered only by rallies that rebounded harmless from their thick old walls. Still the people dragged little cannons, clambering over heaps of dead, reaching the fire with cries of fury and wrath. The irresistible multitude swept all before them. Still the besiegers gained nothing but death.

All at once the Invalid Guards were seen through the smoke, making signals to the people, who read in their actions that a surrender was at hand. The cannons were silenced, the firemen left the walls and gathered in a group near the *Porte Louis*.

"They join us, they rebel!" thundered the besiegers.

There was some truth in the shout. The Governor himself was said to waver, and this gave fresh courage to his enemies. Directly a sword was thrust through a loop-hole, and the point was pierced through and through, was a capitulation that gave the power of the King to the people of France. Men plunged into the ditch; thrust out rude planks; crushed each other to death, in their mad eagerness to enter the pages. It was then effected at last. Then up to the very heaviest thunder-clap of the morning—again!—till it made all Paris tremble.

Slowly, very slowly, came down the huge *Porte Louis*. The people watched it in breathless awe, after that tremendous shock, they were dumb with astonishment at their success.

Through those ponderous jaws, opened to the world for the first time, rushed the people by hundreds and thousands. The tumult within was equal to that raging without, but still those thick walls gave forth no sound to the besieged—the majesty seemed voiceless in them; it was like entering a tomb of buried Emperors. At first the noise within was like the rushing of a torrent; then came sharper sounds—the crash of iron—the reverberation of shots—the rushing of sword-blades upon with gunpowder.

Then the dark cells, that seemed dug in a bottomless pit, and came out reeking with the foul dirt-choked, half-mad even after breathing thick walls, bearing prisoners in their arms, speechless and ghastly, covered with dank rags, over which the foulest reptiles clung, or where it crawl away, scared by the dim light in these caverns. The mystery of these dungeons was solved—arms deliriously smelling the fresh air—some laughing—some dead or stolid as so many statues, the people were dragging forth. It was a terrible, terrible scene.

Men in all stages of misery were found, some moving over the cells they had learned to love in helpless misery, others, hopeless, and scarcely conscious of the change that had fallen upon them, others again, taking the liberty offered them with some dignity. Many others, nameless who had not yet learned the power that lay in the people, received their freedom with a sort of lofty scorn, as if disclaiming the means by which they were released.

Amid all this tumult, one man sat crouching in an angle of the prison not far from the entrance. It was Latude—he was the last opened a passage for France into the heart of the prison. The strength with which he had accomplished this seemed superhuman, but it gave way the moment he entered that solitary place; he sunk against a wall of the corridor, overcome by a sudden and sickening fear, that after all his child might not be among the living.

"Go," he said, languidly, to Callet, the noble youth who had aided him in clearing a way for France into those cells. "Go find her; I cannot move another step!"

He sunk back against the wall faint and pale. The perspiration rained from his face. The way that had wrought like a lion on the battle-field, helpless as an infant now. He watched the prisoners with his keen, bright eyes, as they had been or staggered past him. With every new face a gush of the warm blood seemed to freeze in his heart. All at once he stood upright, with the moist locks back, as if they alone had made his eyes so dim and pressed down the exertion. His limbs shook under him, yet he stood up. His eyes glowed with wild eagerness, the pale face caved from his hands, and with one step he broke through. A torrent of tears now rose and blinded him, but through them you could see a glow of beautiful joy. He staggered forward holding out both arms.

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It came at last—the lumbering vehicle—and the more that they had a single victim to claim on the occasion. The women stood the glare of the bogus to cherish with horrid glee as the horses that drew the tumbril strain the payment more and more distinctly with the slow, heavy tread, which seemed to irritate the crowd who were becoming, as I have said, impatient.

"Not one to-day! only one, sure! the aristocrats are playing artifice, we poured them up by dozens at first, now it will if we get five to three in a week," and a huge woman, watching the tumbril with the gleaming eyes as it advanced.

But this is something worth while, he was a Marquis, when Louis Capet were his own head, replied another. "Where these old nobles die, it is like sweetmeats; she has an appetite after! The taste of their blood has a relish in it, we tender! think of the White Head and the wine they drank."

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"Aye, here he comes, looking down upon the people as if he were a Marquis still; more crimes, that I had got another name."

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"Speak to us. Let the old aristocrat speak" shouted the women. "It wastes the blood when a man dies talking."

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THE TWO MISERS.

A miser living in Kyle, had heard that ex-Sancers also there dwelt a miser, more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to unload, and from whom he might learn more. He forthwith journeyed thither, and presented himself to the great master as an humble commencer in the arts of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student. "Welcome," said the miser of Sancers; "we will straight go into the market to make some purchase." They went to the baker.

"How much is your bread?"

"Good, indeed, my masters, and fresh and soft as butter." "Mark this, sir," said the miser of Sancers to the one of Kyle; "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; so we can only consume a small quantity of this; it will also be the cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely and more savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter."

They then went to the butter merchant, and asked if he had good butter.

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"Good, indeed, and savory and fresh as the finest olive oil," was the answer.

"Mark this, also," said the best to his guest; "oil is compared with the best butter, and, therefore, by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

They next went to the oil vender.

"Have you good oil?"

"The very best quality, white and transparent as water," was the reply.

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Sancers to the one of Kyle; "by this we learn that water is the best. Now at home, I have a pail full, and we hospitably therewith will I entertain you." And, indeed, on their arrival, he gave them water in a place before his guest; because they had learned that water was the best of all, not better than butter, better than bread.

"Now be pleased," said the miser of Kyle, "I have not journeyed the long distance in vain!"—*Fairy Tales from All Nations.*

Clippings.

☞ There are three kinds of poor people, says the N. Y. Evening Mirror—the Lord's poor; the devil's poor and the poor editors. The first are unfortunate; the second vicious; and the third, perhaps, a little of both.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and active person, who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage* has been reduced one half, *whether or not the amount and payment of the small expense.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office in the to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town or Post Office.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent in one package when they can do so conveniently.

NOTICE.

Our papers of the 5th and 12th of January being now exhausted, notwithstanding the large extra quantity printed, we shall be unable hereafter to back numbers to new subscribers beyond the 19th of January, which will be the first number of the beginning of Mrs. Stephens's story. New subscribers who so desire, can therefore receive the whole of Mrs. Stephens's story until the edition is exhausted.

OUR NOVELETS.

We conclude this week, Mrs. Stephens's beautiful, interesting story of "The Two Sisters," and begin a very interesting article, combining the interest of a story with the truth of history, written in the very best style of G. P. R. James. We have concluded to call it "Darnley's Warrior," we expect to commence the publication of the promised novelet by T. S. Arthur, entitled "The Antiquaries; or, The Pourney Fortunes."

CANADA.

The British Government has taken at length strong ground against the Annexation movement in Canada. An official despatch received by the Governor East Very, informs him that the Address in favor of Annexation, as "merely an individual movement," will not be received. Earl Grey further says that her Majesty is determined to assert all her authority to maintain the connection between the Provinces and the mother land. The measures of the connection is highly alarming to the loyal subjects of her Majesty. Canada is therefore commanded to resort to every constitutional effort which may be made to dissolve the connection with the British crown, and to prosecute those engaged in the "treasonable movement."

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A SINGULAR STORY.

The Washington correspondent of Mr. Lynch's paper, the "Quaker City," communicates the following curious account of a recent remarkable dream of Mr. Calhoun's. We have not much faith in supernatural appearances, or in Washington correspondents, but if any thing could lend the ghost of the "FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY" to refute that notable heresy of the times, it would be the thought that his beloved country was in danger of DISSOLUTION, which is but another name for CIVIL WAR. We give the story for what it is worth:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 19, '50.

Mr. Editor: The other morning, at the breakfast table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits.—You know he is altogether a remarkable man; with a hard, stern, bronze-Irish face, softened in expression around the mouth by a sort of sad smile, which wins the hearts of all who converse with him. His hair is snow-white. He is tall, thin, and sapless. He reminds you very much of Old Hickory. That he is honest, no one doubts; he has sacrificed to his Palmetto the brightest hopes of political advancement—has offered up on the altar of that idol every worldly wish and hope, so that one cries aside—"Even the President" or the United States.

But to my story. The other morning, at the breakfast table, where I, as unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun appeared at the gate frequently at his right hand, and break if on his head, in a nervous and hurried manner.—He did him no affect that it shocked attention. At length one of the persons present—the honorable party—[we think it was Tweedie, and not a member of Congress from Georgia—but upon hearing the recital of the incident at Mr. Calhoun's dwelling.

"I have your hand pain you P" he asked.

To this Calhoun replied in rather a *formal* manner—"Pshaw! It is nothing; only a dream which I had last night, and which has come over me perpetually a large black spot—like an ink blotch upon the back of my right hand. It is nothing, indeed, I suppose."

Of course, this would excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, until Tweedie asked, quietly—

"What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious myself, but sometimes dreams do have a good deal of truth in them."

"If the black mark annoys or wounds dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand—however, as if dress and too much attention had been paid to the matter, "I will relate it."

Of course, the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. As the reader has already known, Mr. Calhoun related it:

"I, at a late hour last night, to I was sitting in my room, reading, when I was suddenly startled by the entrance of a visitor who entered, and without speaking, took a seat directly in front of me. This excitement me—as I had given particular orders that I was not to be disturbed—and I looked up in wonder. The manner in which the intruder entered was also singular, and calculated to excite surprise—he, without a word, as though my room, and myself, were familiar to him, walked in and took a seat directly in front of me. I opened my mouth to look into his features, over the top of my reading glasses, and observed that he was dressed in a dark cloak, which effectually concealed his face. I was about to speak, when he raised his hand and I held my peace.

"What are you willing, Senator from South Carolina? he said.

"I looked upon the impertinence at first, but answered him immediately—

"I was willing to see the Dissolution of the American Union, even known, gentlemen, that I am a firm believer in the doctrine of the right of the secession of sovereign states.

"Senator from South Carolina, will you allow the Union to be dissolved?—the voice asked.

"No sir, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. It was the face—the sight of that face nearly made me faint. It was the face of a dead man, pale, ghastly, and with the eyes closed as in life. The features were those of George Washington. I recognized them at once, as I have often seen them in Mount Vernon. I was astounded. In the first moment of surprise I could not speak.

"Senator from South Carolina, will you allow the Union to be dissolved? the voice asked.

"No sir, I replied, apparently much excited. His aspect, I need not tell you, was chiefly the company. Tweedie at length broke the awful silence which followed, by asking—"Was the voice of this person?" Mr. Calhoun resumed:

"This solicitor I have said, rose and asked me to go with him. I refused. He urged me. I refused. I refused it. The truth is, I was afraid to go with him. At length he stamped it, and held it over the light, thus effectually concealing his face, and moved to the door. It was the face of Washington. Gentlemen, I confess that I was afraid to go with him. I was afraid of that visage. After holding my hand for a moment, the figure left the room, and I saw it no more.

"I arose with the first bell, Senator from Carolina, you would urge your name to a paper, declaring the Union dissolved?

"I answered that I would not. I was then asked if I would sign my name to a paper, declaring that secession was right.

"I refused.

"Then, said the figure, Senator from Carolina, you would not sign your name to a paper, declaring that secession was wrong?

"I answered that I would not.

"What is it that you will do? I said, I answered that I would not do anything.

"That, said the, stopped my hand. That was the mark which you see upon the back of it—is the real mark?

"He sat in silence for moments, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he placed upon the table. It was a human skull. Upon the forehead I saw my name. That object, gentlemen, was a warning.

"I am not superstitious, but I have seen the human Hagar, who was long as I believe by the Almighty to warn me of approaching danger. Whether those you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution, or to a paper declaring that secession of Senator from South Carolina. He was a Senator from Carolina, I am not sure, but I believe upon his right hand.

"Mr. Calhoun then withdrew left the room. I carried back from the conflict with the dead man, the mark which you see upon my hand, and that talon nobody and been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?

All the company answered in the affirmative.

Mr. Calhoun, then, looked thoughtfully at the same time looking rather curiously at the back of his right hand—and Mr. Calhoun, placing it near his bosom his hands, seemed buried in thought.

COTTON.

The "Southern Times," of the close of a long article upon the consumption and prices of Cotton in different periods, sums up the evidence before it as follows:

Whilst the increase in the growth of Cotton in different parts of the world, and the increase in its consumption is allowed to have attained a much greater extent than was anticipated a few years ago, the tendency to the consolidation of power on the part of the manufacturers, which has been so much reported, not only that the present quotations of the raw material are not such as to afford a fair and remunerative profit to the producer, but that the power possessed by the manufacturers of the raw from the producers has been used to depress the price of Cotton below the cost of production, and that the prices now ruling are the result of the individual and general pressure.

AN EXTRA CONSIDERATION.—A large number of the personal and political friends of Gen. Taylor, in Washington, have given the Lowell Courier, in addition to a support at Fenno's on Saturday last, a splendid entertainment, at which the remarks and toasts, related at $100. Ministers have been invited to the Presidency, and the Secretaryship proposed—negative have services of plate—and, in fact, others are to be made the recipients of the well-deserved gratitude of the "good time coming," so long predicted, but at last come to pass.

A WARNING TO EVIL DOERS.—A most cruel villain, Williams, of Providence, was tried on Wednesday last for the murder of his wife, by committing to an outhouse and fifty-five cents, by neglecting to return a borrowed umbrella. The Judge charged the jury that the Rhode Island Justice has taken a step in advance of the age, which it is to be hoped will be followed by others.

☞ An account is published of the surprising performance of a locomotive on the New York and Hudson Road, over the grades between Albany and Utica in Syracuse (fifty-three miles) in seventy-five minutes, with ten-inch-high wheel freight cars, through a snow storm, and the snow upon the rail, without scrapers and brushes.

☞ The Assessors to the Constitution for an election to be held in the city of Philadelphia, on State Sunday on Monday next, by a vote of over 5, They will probably pass the Bill, and the question will be taken from the matter has to be voted upon by the people. It ratified by them it becomes a part of the Constitution.

☞ Samuel Hall.—A poor young girl of Orange, France, recently cut down a wealthy young man who was attempting to commit suicide. He afterwards wanted to marry her, but she refused—she would not marry a man, however wealthy, that would do such a deed.

☞ Senator Berrien remarked, in reply to some one who suggested that Mr. Foote had a remarkable command of language, that he thought, on the contrary, language had a remarkable command of Mr. Foote.

DEATHS IN HAVANA.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 134—adults 55, and children 78.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 28th inst., Mr. Underwood submitted a resolution which he would propose, at a proper time, as a substitute for that of Mr. Clay on the Hungarian question. His proposition is, that while we sympathize with all the movements of reform in other countries, and would be glad to see constitutional liberty established in every country, we deem it our duty and repudiate all connection with the internal affairs of other countries—as we would resist all attempts by others to intermeddle with ours.

Mr. Clay submitted a proposition to settle the whole question of slavery, accompanying the proposition with an explanatory speech. Taken together, they propose an amicable arrangement of all the questions in controversy between the free and slave States, growing out of the Mexican acquisitions. Mr. Clay said that he hoped that some portion of the time he had taken to prepare the resolutions, would be employed by each Senator before pronouncing against it.

Mr. Clay then submitted the preamble and first resolution as follows:

Whereas, it is indispensable for the peace, concord and harmony of the Union of these States to settle and compromise amicably all questions of controversy which may exist between the north and south on the subject of slavery—upon a fair equality and just basis. Therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That California, with suitable boundaries, ought to be admitted into the Union as entitled as one of the States of this Union, without the imposition by Congress of any restriction in respect to the exclusion or introduction of slavery within those limits.

It must be acknowledged that there has been a great excitement in the inconvenient in California, which have resulted in the formation of a Constitution, with a boundary including a district of country, and designating the seat of the Government, and designating the boundaries of the State, and asking admission into the Union. Such were the admission of new States into the Union, which were not mistaken, which, unauthorized by Congress, proceeded to form for herself a Constitution, and to knock at the door of Congress for admission into the Union. This was, indeed, at a time, I recollect, when Michigan presented herself—a State which has since been added to the splendor of the galaxy of States which compose the American Union.

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CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 7.—The offerings of Beef Cattle are moderate, about 1,000 head. Prices are ruling from $3 50 to 3 75 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There were about 700 in the market, and sold from $3 50 to 3 62½ per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 200 in the market, and sold as follows: $21 to 30 from first hands; $15 to 20 per head; $6 to 12 do. Sheep and Lambs—There were about 2,000 in the market, and sold from $1 50 to 3 per head.

ALMANAC.

	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON RISES	MOON'S AGE
Saturday	7.16	5.11	10.49	27
Sunday	7.15	5.12	11.49	28
Monday	7.14	5.13	0.49	29
Tuesday	7.13	5.14	1.49	30
Wednesday	7.12	5.15	2.49	1
Thursday	7.11	5.16	3.49	2
Friday	7.10	5.17	4.49	3
Saturday	7.09	5.18	5.49	4

Last 3-9 17
New 11 1-28
First 19 6
Full 26 5

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	7 o'clock, A.M.	2 o'clock, P.M.	9 o'clock, P.M.
Jan. 28	40	45	40
29	40	45	43
30	40	45	40
31	36	36	36
Feb. 1	36	40	40
2	40	46	40
3	40	46	40

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

MR. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 180 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *James A. Whipple, William H. Wood, G. H. Jones, John Cotton, James Fleming, A. Acord Wallington, Chas. D. Hall, B. A. Bonner, Jas. Clark, Chas. Arden, and F. Leslie.*

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HARRIOTT & HOWLEY will receive subscriptions from new subscribers in the State of Ohio.

MOULTRIE T. WEISS, No. 4 Barclay street, New York State.

CYRUS WHITE, do do and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In CHARLES D. *New Orleans, La.*
In J. W. RANDOLPH & Co., *Richmond, Va.*
In JAMES M. *Wheeling, Va.*

Subscriptions will be received in either of the above Depots, or from Agents. No one person can act as Agent and transact the responsible duty for money received for Subscriptions, unless he furnish the authorized receiving agents.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Excerpts for the Saturday Evening Post from the Mail Receipts to the 1st January.

Page 35, continued from

Mrs. T. Miller	$1 00	J. Wilson	1 00
Rev.	1 00	W. Sowers	1 00
A. H. Mellarky	1 00	J. Sowers	1 00
J. Miller	1 00	J. Miller	1 00
J. Miller	1 00	Mrs. M. Miller	1 00
J. Cook	1 00	Mrs. J. Miller	1 00
J. Cook	1 00	Mrs. J. Miller	1 00
J. Hooper	1 00	Miss L. Hooper	1 00
J. Hooper	1 00	Miss L. Hooper	1 00
J. Hooper	1 00	J. Miller	1 00
M. Harwood	1 00	J. Miller	1 00
J. Miller	1 00	J. Miller	1 00
J. Miller	1 00	J. Miller	1 00
J. Miller	1 00	J. Miller	1 00
J. Miller	1 00	J. Miller	1 00
J. Miller	1 00	J. Miller	1 00
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J. Miller	1 00	J. Miller	1 00
J. Miller	1 00	J. Miller	1 00
J. Miller	1 00	J. Miller	1 00
J. Miller	1

Selected Poetry.

LABOR IS WORSHIP.

BY MRS. CROCOM.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chime,
Unceasingly, sings up into heaven!
Never the concord of sweet sounds is broken;
Each the little seed sings in its growing;
Man must more rudely the discordant notes blend,
Till from its wrestling soon it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing
Listen! that strong voice swells the song!
Speaks to the soul from our nature's great heart
From the dark clouds flows the life-giving shower!
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral grows!
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water basin;
Idleness ever dumpeth, breedeth base things.
Keep the watch sound, for the dark rust seeketh!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens
Only the wave wing changes and dazzles the eye!
Idle hearts only the dark future frighten;
Play the unwise boys, wouldst thou keep them in time

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that goad us;
Rest from the petty vexations that beset us;
Rest from all promptings that ever subtract us;
Rest from whatsoever dims the spirit's light.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on the pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down, wearied soul! Work's sweeping willow
Wave with a reed laid in peace on the breast!

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm, in the sunset glow cometh!
Time as a rendezvous the earth scales guides.
Labor is wealth—in the mart prosperity greeteth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine ocean the storm-tossed shell cometh;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not the statue, ye, and sagenth are rested then!
Destroy King all the end shall the lamb hush home me
Look to you pure heavens smiling beyond time.
Rest not content in life's darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

Leaves from History.

PERKIN WARBECK.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

fulfilled every duty of her high station; the humble and obedient wife of an impetuous and violent prince; more than a mother to his daughter by his first marriage, Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, and a mother to his daughter's children, when an early fate snatched the beautiful and unfortunate Mary from a people who had too little learned to love her. Wise, prudent, and gentle, yet firm and courageous, she had successfully triumphed over many difficulties, and won the respect and affection, even of a turbulent and never contented people. She was in the midst of her court, surrounded by all the high nobility of the realm, making various arrangements for some of the approaching ceremonies, when a letter was brought to her by one of her own attendants, who informed her that the messenger was waiting in the hall below.

The princess smiled as she read the contents of the epistle; and, turning to the Prince de Chimay, who was standing near her, she said,

"Real, Monsieur le Chimay! Here is a new pretender started up to claim the crown of England from Henry Tudor. He calls himself Richard of York; but it is strange that Margaret of York should never have heard of her last nephew for so many years, if he were really living and her, as this letter says."

The Prince de Chimay bent the letter and read it, but he did not smile.

"This is the young prince, madam," he said, "whom we have heard of before, when he was at the court of the King of France. A rumor reached me the other day that Charles had recently sanctioned him to Henry of Richmond, and, not contented with paying immense sums of money at the price of peace, had sent his banner and gave his faith also into the scale. I suppose your grace will see the young man."

"Not I," answered Margaret. "This is a second Simnel, depend upon it. Richard of York perished in the Tower, I do believe, although it is true that, about the time of Sawcarth Field, a rumor reached me, connected in some manner with my brother Edward's widow, that her youngest son was alive and had escaped. I judged it merely a report, spread by that politic lady, to act as some sort of check upon Henry Tudor. But this is an impostor, depend upon it."

"Methinks it were as well," said the Lord of Sadie, a man famous till his knowledge of the feudal law, and afterwards Chancellor of Burgundy, "methinks it were as well that your highness should see the young man, in order that we may be resolved what ground there is for his pretensions. If there be even a chance that he is your nephew, you will then make sure that you have no cause for subsequent bitterness. Doubtless, minute inquiry into the circumstances of his life will speedily clear the truth or falsehood."

"Well, I will see him," answered the duchess, and soon rapper the messenger. Richard of York was old enough at his father's death to recollect right well many things: I myself remember—and if I question him about my brother's child, this lad will soon display his ignorance—unless, indeed, which I care not believe, he be indeed my royal brother's child. Write to him, Monsieur de Sadie. They boldly that I therefore not his clerk, but will see him to-morrow at the Court of Brussels, if he desires it. Bid him not present himself in our ante without ceremonies, as I will take means to probe his story to the bottom."

The letter was written, and the court assembled on the following day at Brussels. Expectation was high. Some said the pretender would not appear; others that he would come and be exposed; but there were several who remembered that it was not likely King Charles and his council should, even for a time, acknowledge the young man as Richard of York, unless he brought great and proofs that he really was so. Orders had been given to admit him to the presence of the duchess; and many of her wisest and most experienced counsellors were assembled round her.

Richard Plantagenet did not make her wait. The great door of the hall was thrown open within five minutes after Margaret had entered; and the young claimant at the English crown was introduced, accompanied by the English gentleman of good repute, but no great fortune, who had followed him from Paris.

He was very plainly dressed. There was neither gold nor embroidery to set off his person to advantage; nothing gaudy or fantastic in his costume. But the eye of Margaret fixed eagerly upon him; and those who watched her remembrance saw that she turned deadly pale.

She was herself again in a moment; and, lifting her head proudly, she said—

"How is it, sir, that you venture to present yourself before me, claiming to stand in the same rank a tain which would not deserve a child? The pretensions of my brother's daughter, Lady Anne, endowed me more to render some semblance to an impostor whom I had never seen, and whose claims I could not try; but it is a very different thing to come boldly into my presence claiming to be my brother's son, when I have every motive of discovering, exposing and punishing the cheat. In consequence for your youth, I advise you to retire at once, and not to test the consequences which will certainly fall upon you if you have no no investigation of your pretensions, and very grave false."

Richard listened calmly, with his eyes bent down; and once there came a quick flash upon his cheek, as if he were about to be moved with anger; but the instant the last door speaking, he raised his eyes to her face, and gazed at her steadily, while he replied,

"Pardon me, madam, if I do not relate," he said, "that I am here of my own motion, and that I acknowledge guilt of which I am unconscious. I shall even that from the moment I set foot on shore the precautions taken to secure my safety have sent the effect of throwing doubt upon my rights. Knowing, however, that those rights are real, I should be wanting in duty to myself, for I not honour you to investigate my claim with the utmost strictness. I stand before you, declaring myself to be Richard, Duke of York, my father, King of England, if my brother Edward be really no more than the son of your royal mother's second husband. Let any one come forth to prove who my parents, if they be not those I name. Let any one who has informed me to the history of the English kings, and to the circumstances of my own family, and produce me. In Lambert Simnel's case, these things were proved. Let them be proved in mine, and I am ready to submit to any punishment, to death itself, should I be adjudged a counterfeit.—Here I stand, your grace, without pretence, prepared to meet any charge, ready to disprove any accusation, and to show, as far as circumstances have left me the power of showing it, that I am Richard Plantagenet, and your nephew."

It was evident to those who knew her best, that the duchess was much moved, though she strove already with her emotions. She muttered at the same time as before, however:

"There be other means, sir, of trying the truth or falsehood of your tale. It must require too much time, and, I may add, too much London, in a case like this, in times and your pretensions have to investigate who was your real father, where you were brought up, how you were interested. First, if you are Edward's son, you have doubtless not forgotten your native language.—Though you speak French well, it is with the accent of a foreign land, methinks that of Flanders."

"Oh, no, madam," answered Richard, at once, in English; "it must be with that of England; for I know no Flemish. The French tongue I have acquired in five years; but English is my native language."

"It seems so, indeed," said the duchess, musing. "Yes speak it well, too. Your education has not been neglected. But you must have other letters. At the period of the death of Edward IV. of England, his son Richard, Duke of York, was old enough to receive instruction, were he still alive, many a thing concerning his father's court, many a minute particular by which the truth of your tale may be easily ascertained; for such intimate knowledge no would deceive me could not be acquired. If you are Richard of York, you must well recollect your father's court, many of those who dwell thereon, what happened after your father's death, what took place in the Tower, your brother's marriage and appearance, the names of those of several near relations."

"I do remember all these things," replied the young man, boldly; "but yet I might forget them, and still be Duke of York; for, if you remember, I was but a young prince still at the time of my death, and in the ten years which have passed since, all might well be lost to memory. Nevertheless, I recollect very much of all that you have mentioned, and I will endeavor to recall more, if my injunctions was, never to forget all that I then remembered, but every day to call up again all that the scenes and events of my early life, in addition with a view to such circumstances as I am placed in. I have done so, your grace, from my childhood, and I have done so. Some things may be lost, it is true, but not all."

"Lucky that it is so," said the duchess, "for by your memory of such events can the reality of your claim be most tested. First, then, tell me, I hear how your escape was effected from the Tower. But speak in French, that your reply may be heard by those noble lords and ladies. I will tell you in their hearing, for your English is such as few but an Englishman could speak."

"My escape from the Tower," replied the young man, "was a very simple matter. My father was, indeed, there is very little to tell concerning it, all was so easy."

"Why, the princes were strictly guarded," replied Margaret, interrupting him at once, "and no one could get admission even to ascertain whether they were living or dead."

"Pardon me, madam," said Richard. "I was very strictly guarded for a long time, separated from my brother, allowed to see no one, and even to walk at liberty in the courts. The only persons who were admitted were Sir Robert Brackenbury the governor, who came once a day, and a man called Digby, who brought me my meals and remained with me for about half an hour. I remember well, it was one evening of a hot autumn day, in the month of August, I think, that I was told that there was a rumor of a battle having been fought between the troops of my uncle and those of a figure of our Saviour, richly clad in crimson and gold, and gold upon an ass, exhausted bodies of evil commanders and trappings, and preceded by priests and children, incessantly ventured. They advanced to the gates of the city, which, of course, to preserve the "keeping" of the scene, were closed. After a short parley, and, for certain ceremonies, the portals were thrown open, and the figure entered, followed by a long train of numerous consumers. He visited the various churches, and then departed, finally riding out on The "show" was rather tedious, and greatly excited the contempt and ire of a wild Kentishman, who gave free vent to his "sentiments" on the occasion. A Catholic, who was also watching the procession, and who understood English, could explain what it was of which they were typical. what it was to represent—the spiritual and temporal power of the monarch, &c. "Stranger, you can't come that rig onto me: you can't make me believe that a man ever rode into Jerusalem on such a half-grown jack-ass!" An appeal, however, to the good sense of the spectators, delivered by, compelled him, though reluctantly, to relinquish what he thought he had conclusively settled. He thought "a done it; it's a good while ago, though, and a great ways off; but I'll tell you what, stranger, you may be too deep for them fellers believe that he ever rode into Jerusalem on a jack ass, dressed up so—Richard the Third, window." This seemed to be a power, and the "argument" was conceded.

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"Your Honor, I acknowledge that I said I could purchase up nearly such words with a five pack or bonnie. I now take it back, but if I had taken alcoholic, I would have stuck to it till yesterday."

GOOD.—At a feast given to a party of the free and independent electors of a borough, not to be nameless, as we cast a steely position, where we say examining, with a considerable portion of the eatables and drinkables, a silver cup, which was laid for him; he took it up, looked at it, for a moment, and then, with a complacent air, put it down again. In a minute or two afterwards, the man waiting behind his chair, with the cup placed before him, he turned to the waiter, and holding up the silver cup, said,

"Here, you scoundrel, take away this—I'll thank you to take away, and bring me a spoon; what say you, eh?"

A HOT FRIEND.—A few days since, a traveler put stopped into a Bank, and immediately pulled off his hat, and looked around. Not finding what he took at the cashier, who was seated in a corner, he went up to a gentleman, and, with a beseeching shake of the head, said: "Hadn't you better be getting that water?" "Water!" replied the gentleman, "I am not in the wrong shop. "You're a fact, sir, and not in a barber's shop." "Beg pardon," exclaimed the astonished traveler, "I took it for fire!" "None!" they told me it was a place where they dared people!"

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The great difference is partially owing to the prevalence of westerly winds in the winter in the countries of the country. Gibbon tells us that from years ago the Roman legions passed on the ice of the Rhine, and that wolves were frequently seen in the streets of Rome, and that battles were fought upon the Tiber. The cause of this difference is found in the manner of the south-west.—*Parish's Pocket Book.*

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"I, Marquess ; Earls ; Viscounts ; Lords, Lord Lieutenants, Custos Rotulorum, Knights, Lord Lieutenants, Deputy Lieutenants, and Esquires, of the County of , do hereby certify that , who has been a Justice of the Peace, and acted as Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the County of , is a person of good character, and is worthy of the confidence placed in him by his Majesty's Commission of the Peace."

[F If you wish to win a high strong woman, feed her with romance. The more mysterious it is the more yourself, the more timely she will esteem you. Rather than admit that you belong to the useful classes, greet gaudy to being a beggar. Any thing but pretense of poetry and adventure, pleases the sex with scarcely an exception. We once knew a high-spirited who set to her acknowledging that he was the son of a cartwright.

And such was the answer pursued.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wit and Humor.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

There was a good deal of satire in a reply we lately heard given to a question asked by a friend, sitting at the dinner table of a steamboat, of the second class:

"What have you told the waiter to bring you?"

"I told him to bring me some 'cash,' and afterwards some 'bread pudding.' I always ask for hash and bread pudding, as I found a boat like them, because then I know exactly what I get."

Not unlike the retired London clergyman, who remarked confidentially to a friend, that it was "not exactly they put in the milk." He said it was "something else."

"I have," writes a correspondent, "a pretty, bright little juvenile friend, some five years of age, named Ross. Some days ago she was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family, and who had brought her a present.

"Ross, I don't love you."

"Ah, but Ross, you do love me," said the child.

"Why so?" asked her tormentor.

"Why, 'cause Ross, you like to bite says you must love them that love you, and I am sure I hate you."

"Is that bad," for a child?"

"Have you," said an "inquiring mind"—to said slightly worldly gentleman, recently, "a—a—wife?"

"I am married, my child," was the reply.

"Mamma!" exclaimed the bombshell, with not a little surprise.

"Well, my child," said the man mentioned yesterday in a very charming discourse at our church, "and so admirable thing; I only perhaps it said a—"

The sarcasm inquirer was not corrected, but the speaker, allowed to see no one, and even to walk at liberty in the courts. The only persons who were admitted were Sir Robert Brackenbury the governor, who came once a day, and a man called Digby, who brought me my meals and remained with me for about half an hour. I remember well, it was one evening of a hot autumn day, in the month of August, I think, that I was told that there was a rumor of a battle having been fought between the troops of my uncle and those of

I forget to say that I had not been Brackenbury for many a day, and used to eat what had become my meals. I was told that he had been called to the wars. However, Digby, when he mentioned a battle, added that we should soon see Sir Robert Brackenbury, who was with my Uncle Richard, would certainly send some prisoners to the Tower. One of them, however, caused his voice, saying, "Oh, my prince, do you not remember me?" and then I recollected the voice of an old servant of my mother's, who used to wait upon the mistress of my father. All that I remember still upon well, but what came next was done so so much that I could not tell. I was told that my uncle was the time. Another of the men was a monk, one Father Prior; and the third man was Digby.—Some men, named to me, said that my uncle Richard was dead, and my Uncle Richard, too, and that I was king, and that being told he would be crowned if not we had to get clothes, or to get together the finest garments in the city, which I sent for several days, but and we went through the gates and along many dark and narrow streets, the most I remember the voice of an old servant, who lately happened. They took me to a large, dark building by the river side. I should think we were half an hour in reaching it, or more. There I found my mother and my sister, Cecily, whom I had not seen for a long time. I remained but a short time there, though I thought it very hard to be left there, and I was put into a boat with my mother and the old servant Susanne, and we went down the river to a very old building, situated on a low hours for Antwerp. Thence we went to the Brackenbury was Lieutenant of the Tower; but that is matter of common notoriety. Digby, who so often visited me at the Tower, did the same I do not know. But tell me what you know of Sir Robert Brackenbury. I have told you and remember him."

"Oh, I remember him right well," replied Richard Plantagenet. "I shall never forget him. He was a tall, gaunt man, with thick, shaggy eyebrows, and a deep voice to me, though, he trembled at him at first. He had a large seal ring on his finger, which he used to press into wax, and tell me how he had been wounded in a battle, and how he had saved the life of King ——."

"At Barnet," said the duchess. "Now let me hear somewhat more. When you and your brother left the Tower, you were first raised at Sheriff Stratford——"

"No, madam," exclaimed the prince, "we was not with my mother at Stony Stratford. The way was done, my brother had gone with Lord Rivers, before my father's death, and after that event he was seized at Stratford-upon-Avon with my mother and my sister, and quite well what terror was created by the news that Richard was coming. We were all put in a small coach, and carried with my sister to the Tower of London, where we were lodged in the rooms in the Tower, to prepare for his coronation. I remember the confusion well, and my fright also, but to me he was ever kind and fatherly."

The duchess mused thoughtfully for a moment, then a bright drop swimming in her eyes, which well high character for right. The Lord of Sadie was right. It was a gentle confession, and spoke in a way worth a low hour, as if prompting some question.

"Do you remember your father well?" demanded the duchess.

"Right well," replied the young man. "He was taller than I am, though I am tall; and I remember his features well, though that face must be changed from a warm, glowing hearty to a pale and sickly one, since I last saw him. I remember him that I wanted a man's bow and arrows, for that I should soon be strong enough to conquer all the country around Sheriff Hutton, and he promised me he would get them for me. But suddenly he turned very pale, and called to one of the gentlemen behind to open a window, and bade me go to play."

"Come to my heart," cried the duchess, speaking in French, and opening her arms. "You are indeed my nephew, Richard of York," and she clasped him kindly to her bosom, while her tears fell from her eyes.

"That last," she continued, after the emotion had somewhat passed, "was carried into execution by Sir Robert Brackenbury, who was then Lieutenant of the Tower."

"It was some months before my father's death," said Richard; "and he died in the Tower two times after, and had got meetings at the palace, and learned the penalty; but he was never more than a few days absent from us, and I remember the good Lord Hastings and he sent upon my shoulder one day—the hand that had the block upon it—and saying, 'Also, my prince, I fear there is a darker time coming for you.'"

"You are indeed my nephew," said the duchess, in that tone, yourself, your voice, your features, your age, all speak for you. And I acknowledge you as such; but still we will have every inquiry made, and every human taken, to remove all doubts, and place your claim upon the surest footing."

AN ANECDOTE FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

Little Mary once struck her brother during my absence from the house. The stick in her hand left a sharp knot which went clear through his cheek, making an ugly gash. The blind formed in a stream; the boy screamed piteously, and Mary was overcome with terror. Her mother discovering where she had gone, said not a word to her, believing that it was best to leave her to the present silence.

I came home a little while before night, and learned how matters stood. It was a season to use of great interest and responsibility. Upon my self actions here might depend the future character of his child. Her violent temper had been checked by punishment, and in the end it would probably enough told of its evil consequences. Now it had led to a great crime, and if not once restrained, my little daughter might grow up wicked and miserable.

I considered a while how I should act, and having kindly asked guidance of the Father of all, I took little juvenile friend, some five years of age, named Ross. Some days ago she was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family, and who had brought her a present.

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"To be bankrupt here, is a somewhat different affair from what it is in the United States. Instead of being released from your debts, and from the pastors are interested about them, and in the first place, you are obliged to remain in prison for five thousand by the public officer for that purpose, and the bankrupt can be proved to have done business after he knew that fact, he is put into prison, as a criminal, which signifies infamous, or without the privilege of the British Parliament, and the papers are branch of Parliament, and be copied:—

"I, Marquess ; Earls ; Viscounts ; Lords, Lord Lieutenants, Custos Rotulorum, Knights, Lord Lieutenants, Deputy Lieutenants, and Esquires, of the County of , do hereby certify that , who has been a Justice of the Peace, and acted as Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the County of , is a person of good character, and is worthy of the confidence placed in him by his Majesty's Commission of the Peace."

[F If you wish to win a high strong woman, feed her with romance. The more mysterious it is the more yourself, the more timely she will esteem you. Rather than admit that you belong to the useful classes, greet gaudy to being a beggar. Any thing but pretense of poetry and adventure, pleases the sex with scarcely an exception. We once knew a high-spirited who set to her acknowledging that he was the son of a cartwright.

And such was the answer pursued.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Selected Sketch.

ROTHSCHILD.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

All things are measured by money; and when money is acknowledged as the chief motive power, he who knows best how to amass it cannot fail to be the object of admiration. Such is the power of indiscriminate homage which is paid to wealth that the millionaire is looked upon as the god of the present, or the means through which that wealth has been acquired, is, in the estimation of many, disgraceful to the age, and, were it altogether new, would justify us in thus using the epithet of independence had declined. We shall hold ourselves excused from illustrating our meaning by making special reference to a recent but striking instance. (Holborn,) in which wealth suddenly acquired, though by most unenviable means, raised the owner, for a time, to the pinnacle of public observation. We prefer selecting from the pages of Mr. Francis the portrait of a man whose character displayed nothing that was great, generous, benevolent, or noble; whose whole life and whose energies were devoted to the acquisition of gold, whose manners were coarse, whose person was unprepossessing, whose mind scarcely leaped beyond its own constructed and money-making sphere; and who yet was exalted, in the England of ours, a homage greater than was ever paid to virtue, intellect, or genius. Such a man was Nathan Meyer Rothschild.

Originally from Frankfort, the remarkable man came over to England towards the close of the last century, and commenced operations in Manchester as a dealer in cloth. It is said to have speedily trebled his capital of £30,000.—

Mr. Francis, in his "Stocks," was the foundation of that colossal fortune which afterwards passed into a proverb; and in 1800, finding Manchester too confined a field for his rising genius, he came to London, and established himself in Lombard-street, where he commenced business as a bullion merchant. His next operation was to buy the gold which was necessary to pay them; and, when he had completed his arrangements, he added that when the Government required it, Government had only to intimate the fact, and it was at once forthcoming. Business was plentiful; the orders flowed in; and the house of Rothschild reaped a rich reward. From bargain to bargain, from gold to profit, the house of Rothschild went on and prospered. Gifted with a fine perception, he never failed to discover the right moment to purchase, and the Duke of Wellington at a discount—to the payment of the troops in Spain. The great question—who